

# ROYAL CANADIAN DRAGOONS



## Editor's Notes.

In this number you will find the first installment of Major Roy B. Nordheimer's "Reminiscences of Service with The Royal Canadian Dragoons." As he states in his introduction it is not intended to be a history of the Regiment, but simply a series of humorous incidents that took place while he was in the service. Of course this is no more than we would expect from the Major; it's not the first time his delightfully humorous pen has amused readers of **THE GOAT** and we are sure our subscribers will welcome his latest effort in describing incidents that were more or less a compensation for a period that had otherwise little to commend it.

The visit of the Hockey Team representing our Sister Squadron in Toronto was a most welcome one

and we in St. Johns hope the team enjoyed its stay with us. The spirit of friendly rivalry that brought them here is one that should be fostered whenever possible and we hope that next year 'A' Squadron will have the opportunity of returning the invasion.

We wish to impress on our readers (especially the serving members) that contributions in the form of articles which they think would be of interest should be sent in to the Editor.

Old Comrades are reminded that their Association will hold its Annual Smoker and Reunion at Stanley Barracks Toronto, Saturday, March 30th at 8 p.m. (Anniversary of the action at Moreuil Wood in 1918.) We hope they will keep this date open as every effort is being made to make this affair a greater success than ever.

## Personal & Regimental

Capt. J. Wood, R.C.D., and S.M. (I) Doyle returned recently from P.E.I. where they conducted a Provisional School. Classes were held in Charlottetown, Summerside and Montague. The following candidates were examined.

For Captain: Lieut. s. Hyndman, Johnstone and Ings.

For Lieutenants: Lieutenants Nash, Phillips, Gordon, Campbell, McLean and Montgomery.

For N.C.O.'s: Sgt. Nicholson, Cpls. McCarrow, Stretch, Skeffington, Rodd and Holland.

Candidates are deserving of the greatest credit as many of them had to travel to the classes by road and rail through weather that made the going very difficult. Once or twice the snow made the roads almost impassable but none of the candidates missed any of the work.

The P.E.I. L.H. are looking forward to a good summer camp, possibly at Aldershot, N.S., this year.

An interesting photo group noticed in Mr. Hyndman's office show Sgt. E. A. Steer, R.C.D. (now Major Steer retired) in

charge of a class on the Island in 1904.

While returning to St. Johns, Capt. Wood met Major 'Bill' Atkinson who served with the Lord Strathcona Horse (R.C.) during the war and who was afterwards adjutant of the 8th P.L.N.B. Hussars. The Major is now in charge of Railway Mail Service at Moncton and is also Brigade Major of the Cavalry in New Brunswick.

General Hugh H. McLean, who commanded the contingent from Canada at King George's coronation, and who, it will be remembered came to Toronto to brush up his equitation before going over, is now Lieut. Governor of New Brunswick.

Major Lounsbury's squadron of the New Brunswick Dragoons will furnish the escort at the opening of the Provincial House on the 21st of this month, in Fredericton, Maj. Lounsbury is A.D.C. to General McLean.

The McGill C.O.T.C. come down

here every Sunday to take the Cavalry Course. The I.C. report good progress.

Lieut.-Col. T. J. F. Murphy, D.S.O. retired and Mrs. Murphy, have taken up residence in St. Johns. Many of our readers who served with the Regiment will remember him as the Station Medical Officer before the war. We heartily welcome him back and wish him every success in the practice of his profession.

Capt. A. Nicholls, The R.C.R., is conducting a course in the Vickers' Machine Gun at Cavalry Barracks. He is being assisted by Q.M.S. Instructor Shelley, The R.C.R.

Tpr. Allingham has purchased his discharge and is now employed with the Hart Battery in town. We wish him every success.

Ex-Trooper English and Lawrence (Sailor) are working in town, and pay a visit occasionally to the canteen.

Tommy Howe came up the other night and challenged the Royal Canadian School of Cavalry to a game of phat. He chose Mickey for a partner which is only right seeing it was the latter who paid Tommy's passage over from India in order to learn what a pitch was. Hence the saying 'A Tommy Howe Pitch' in other words, ace, king, queen, jack and ten. (Ginger please note.)

The Sergeants' Mess is closed for repairs the members now dining in the lecture room.

We are pleased to report that Jack Baxter, the Sergeant Cook, who was taken ill suddenly last week has recovered. Jack has been working pretty hard which accounts for the break-down and the men have asked me to express their appreciation for his good work.

We were delighted to see Major

The Old Comrades Association will hold their Annual Smoker and Re-Union at Stanley Barracks, Toronto on Saturday March 30th at 8 p.m. Members are requested to make a special effort to be present.

E. A. Hethrington on his visit to St. Johns on February 1st. After lunch he visited the stables and barracks generally.

Members of the Regiment send their best wishes to Sgt. Inst. Maynan of the R.C.C.S. at Camp Borden. He served with 'B' Squadron for some twelve years.

The following composed the team send down from Toronto recently: Lt. Gillespie, Cpls. Galloway and Parker, L/Cpl. Munro and Tprs. Stafford, Stewart, Calvert, Hutchings and Knights.

Many of our readers will be interested in knowing that one of their old comrades ex-Tpr. B. F. Murray who served in France with the 'Suicide Club' under S.M.I. Aisthorpe and with Lieut. Fisher as a scout, etc., etc., has gone into the publishing business. The Canadian Mercury, of which he is Business Manager made its bow to the public on December 1st and we feel sure that the people of this country will give their support to this splendid journal which offers them the best work in the field of literature, drama, art, politics, music, science and economics.

Our best wishes for the success of Mr. Murray in his new venture.

## ANNUAL MEETING OF ROYAL CANADIAN DRAGOONS', OLD COMRADES' ASSOCIATION

The annual meeting of the Old Comrades' Association was held in the Armouries, Toronto, on Saturday February 9th with Colonel Douglas B. Bowie, D.S.O., in the chair. The usual order of business was observed.



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It was decided to hold the Annual Smoker and Re-union at Stanley Barracks on Saturday, March 30th at 8 p.m. (Anniversary of Moreuil Wood, 1918.)

After considerable discussion, it was decided that the annual picnic would not be held at Niagara this year, but at some suitable place in or near Toronto, on a date to be decided on by the executive committee.

The following executive committee was elected for 1929:

**Patron:** His Majesty, The King (Colonel in Chief.)

**Hon. Presidents:** Maj-Gen. V. A. S. Williams, C.M.G.; Maj-Gen. J. E. B. Seely, C.B., C.M.G., D.S.O.

**Hon. Vice-Presidents:** Lieut. General Sir R. E. W. Turner, V.C., K.C.B., K.C.M.G., D.S.O.; Maj. Gen. J. H. Elmsley, C.B., C.M.G., D.S.O.; Major-Gen. J. H. MacBrien, C.B., C.M.G., D.S.O.; Brig. General C. M. Nelles, C.M.G., Officer Commander the 1st Royal Dragoons.

**President:** Lieut. Col. Douglas B. Bowie, D.S.O.

**Vice-President:** Mr. C. Morrison.  
**Sec.-Treas:** S.M. (W.O.I.) A. F. Madden, R.C.D.

**Executive:** Capt. F. H. Wilkes, S.S.M. J. Copeland, R.C.D.; Mr. G. Simpkin, Major N. Medhurst.

It was a great pleasure to notice the large number of South African Veterans present and we sincerely hope to meet them all again at the Re-union on March 30th.

The following were noticed at the meeting:

Mr. Harmon,  
Mr. Geo. Simpkin, (Old Sim)  
Mr. Geo. Morris.  
Mr. V. H. Longstaffe.  
Capt. Wilkes,  
Mr. E. Chambers,  
Mr. F. Higgins,  
Mr. W. Scott,  
Mr. C. E. Grainger,  
Mr. J. M. Sutherland,  
Mr. R. Davies,  
Mr. H. Hanson,  
Mr. J. O. Lamb,  
Capt. S. C. Bate  
Mr. H. Hargrave,  
Mr. W. Buckingham,  
Mr. P. W. Bull, K.E.H.,  
Mr. G. D. MacGregor,  
Mr. A. Nelson, (Puggy)  
Mr. H. J. Sprent,  
Mr. W. H. Faurechild,  
Mr. E. W. Hare, (Teddy)  
Mr. C. Morrison,

Major Medhurst.  
Mr. W. Bragg.  
Mr. J. P. Thompson, (Tank)  
Mr. T. Kearns,  
Mr. F. W. Dunbar,  
Mr. A. R. Jones,  
Mr. A. Jones,  
Major Caldwell,  
Mr. H. C. W. Clark,  
(Mr. A. G. Libb)  
Col. Douglas Bowie, D.S.O.  
Mr. J. H. Whalley.  
Mr. F. W. Powell, (Soldiering)  
Lieut. C. C. Mann  
S.M.I. Dowdell,  
R.S.M. Churchward,  
S.M. F. Ackerman.  
R.Q.M.S. MacLean,  
S/Sgt. Sturgess,  
S.Q.M.S. Hilton,  
Tpr. G. Gill,  
And many other serving members.

## S.P.C.A. Concert.

A very successful concert, in aid of the local branch of the S.P.C.A., was given in the Garrison Gymnasium, Saturday evening, January 26. There was a good variety of entertainment, and the various artists, all of whom belong either to the town or barracks are to be congratulated on their excellent performances.

Over 200 people were present and \$87.75 was turned over to the S.P.C.A.

We hope that the following impressions of our "Dramatic Critic" will not be taken too seriously:

The Misses Chapman and Maxwell: Pianoforte Duet. "The Mikado." Perfect co-ordination.

Song by Pte. Harry Gough: "We've heard him sing better."

Mrs. Grace A. Hyatt, soprano, "As I went a'roaming." (Drake) Beautifully sung.

Sgt. J. Langley in "Bandy Legs" A riot of laughter.

Lieut. Ivan Sabourin (tenor)—Ivan is always good.

Mrs. C. Hill and Mrs. Imrie in "Pale Moon" (Logan) Very entertaining.

Tpr. 'Jock' Henderson, Scotch comedian. Unco guid.

F.Q.M.S. Charlie Hill, in "The Little Bob-tailed coat." Good work

Charlie!

Song by Mrs. Hyatt and Mr. Wilkins, "The Voyagers'" Vaguely disturbing; failed to click.

Major R. S. Timmis, D.S.O. "Le Prestidigitateur." So, so. (I refuse to commit myself.)

Mlle. Madeleine Papineau, soprano, sang "Ouvre tes Bleus Yeux" As refreshing as a gentle summer's breeze.

Q.M.S. Ellis and Sgt. Jewkes "Alice" The Quarter at his best. Bill's support very vitalistic, whatever that is.

Mlle. Alice Brosseau, Metzo-Soprano: Very good. An irresponsibly roguish artist.

Tprs. McManus and White: Both boys are good. Your blues, Mac, are sure hotsy-totsy. White very good at the piano.

Mrs. C. Hill, in "Danny Boy." Genuinely appreciated.

Sgt. W. Jewkes in "Sonny Boy." Worth the price of admission alone.

"An easy catch"—A Crook-comedy in one act, by Q.M.S. Ellis. To be reviewed later.

W.C.M.

## Camp Borden Notes.

Camp Borden Hockey team is forging ahead this season "Big Boy Stanyar" late 'A' squadron R.C.D. is keeping up his reputation. He played a bang-up game against Collingwood at Barrie January 16th; scoring two out of four goals on lone rushes. He again came to the rescue against Barrie on the latter's own ice, by scoring three out of six goals for Borden. January 25th. On both occasions the Bordenites waxed a fast and furious game, skating their opponents dizzy from start to finish.

Old timers of 'A' Squadron will be interested to know that Pete McKerrall late 'A' Squadron R.C.D. has taken up aviation and is at present residing in Single Quarters at Camp Borden. 'Pete' should make a good half section for 'Stan,' when he gets into shape. Unfortunately he has remained too

long in the Rubber business in Toronto, which accounts for his soft condition at this advanced stage of the season.

The game between Camp Borden and Collingwood, at Collingwood, January 31st, was very interesting. The Camp Borden team defeated Collingwood 6-0, and clinched group honors. A "free-for-all" got under way. The Chief of Police arrived on the scene and finally the ice was cleared and the wounded conveyed to the nearest dressing station. "Big Boy Stanyar" did not net a goal this game, but registered a K.O. with a right hook to the chin of one of the opposing team. On his return to Camp he reported to the "Big White Medicine Bean," Capt. Halkett, who handed him over to McGovern M.R.C.P., R.C.A.M.C., for electrical treatment. After 24 hours he was released, declared cured and fit to carry on.

Sgt. Inst., Jerry Maynan, R.C.O.S. late 'B' Squadron. R.C.D., was observed in a very jovial mood conversing with Mickey McKeown over a couple of bottles of beer, recently. This aroused the curiosity of Alex Gardiner, Stanyar, McKerrall, and several well-known characters who make this Camp their place of abode. After the above matter had been investigated it was learned that Jerry was celebrating the fact that Mrs. Maynan had sailed from New York en route for England. Jerry received a letter the following day from New York informing him that the train was late and the boat was on time. Whether this was unfortunate or might be termed fortunate for Mrs. Maynan in view of the storms raging on the Atlantic at the time we do not know. However we wish Mrs. Maynan bon voyage and hope her visit will be enjoyable one.

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## Bytown Bits.

A Poem

The winter days  
Are full of cheer.  
With, whiskey, gin  
And also beer.

**Military Tournament:**—There is a well defined rumor in circulation that Ottawa is to have a tournament this spring along the lines of the show given every year in Montreal. It is felt that it is time that a performance of the kind is given in Ottawa to show parliamentarians and others what can be done by the P.F., and Cadets.

**Hockey:**—The annual regimental hockey schedule of the P.L.D.G. began the end of January with a clash between A and B Squadrons. Teams from the two city squadrons the Officers and the Sergeants make up the league. The winners play off with home and home games with C Squadron of Pembroke.

**The House Opens:**—With all the traditional pomp and splendour the Parliament of Canada commenced its more or less arduous duties on the 7th instant. The military side of the show was a treat to the on-lookers and visitors to the Capital. The escort from the Princess Louise Dragoon Guards was in command of Lieut. Charles MacPherson with Lieut. M. D. K. Gordon as second in command. The escort was horsed from the chestnut troop of the regiment The 51st Battery under Major Stanley Todd fired the salute and the G.G.F.G. furnished the guard of honor.

**The Drawing Room:**—Their Excellencies the Governor General and Lady Willingdon held a Drawing Room in the Senate Chamber on the evening of the 8th instant. The floor was lined with Officers from Headquarters and the garrison.

**Garrison Ball:**—Arrangements are under way for the annual ball of the Officers of His Majesty's Forces in Ottawa. The 1st of April has been decided upon as the date, the delay being due to the fact that the new ball room of the Chateau Laurier is not yet completed.

**Infantry Association Meet:**—The

annual meeting of the Canadian Infantry Association was held in Ottawa on the 1st and 2nd of the month. Delegates were present from all districts in Canada and the President Col. C. M. Edwards, D.S.O., and the Secretary Lieut. Col. W. B. Megloughlin, M.C., were re-elected at the meeting. At the dinner on the 2nd the speaker for the evening was Major-Gen. A. G. L. McNaughton, C.M.C., D.S.O. Chief of Staff.

**They Now Parade:**—Nine o'clock parades are now the order of the day at National Defence Headquarters. Every morning the staff of n.e.o.'s parade for inspection by the Orderly Officer of the week and answer their names at roll call. Some ten o'clock offenders are said to be responsible for the change.

**Gave Dinner Party:**—The Warrant Officers, Staff Sergeants and Sergeants of the Princess Louise Dragoon Guards were hosts at an enjoyable dinner party at their mess on the evening of the 9th inst. The chair was taken by Regimental Sergeant Major C. R. Lee, W.O., and the guests included Lt. Col. F. B. Inkster V.D., commanding the regiment and the ex-commanding officers of the unit. A delightful programme was given, the piece de resistance being the history of the life of Brigade Sergeant Major Bill Doxey, by himself.

**Dick Wilson Passes:**—Members and ex-members of the R.C.D., who served with the regiment in France will learn with regret of the sudden death of Sergeant R. H. Wilson, C.A.M.C., who was with the unit for the best part of the late war. Dick Wilson was one of the best known of the attached staff and was justly popular with all who knew him. He had a long and varied military career having first served with the 3rd Special Service Battalion R.C.R. in Halifax during the South African war, afterwards proceeding over with the 3rd Canadian Mounted Rifles. Returning to Canada he joined the 43rd Regiment as a bugler and served with them until 1914 when he joined up with the C.A.M.C. for overseas service. He became attached to the Royal Canadian Dragoons when the regiment was at Merris in 1915 and was with them until 1918, when he came home on compassionate leave. Since returning

to Canada he had been attached to the Governor General's Foot Guards. He was employed in the Post Office Department in Ottawa and died suddenly on the 30th of January.

**Visited Ottawa:**—Major A. M. S. Ross, of Winnipeg, who was Brigade Major of the Canadian Cavalry Training Brigade at Somerset Barracks, Shorncliffe, was a visitor in Ottawa for a few days at the opening of the House. Colonel Ibbottson Leonard of London, and Colonel Full, P.E.I.L.H., were also in town for the show.



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## Letters to the Editor.

28 Ellsworth Ave.,  
 Toronto, 10  
 January 30th 1929

To:—Lt. Col. D. Bowie, D.S.O.  
 O.C., R.C. Dragoons,  
 Stanley Barracks.

Sir.—

I have received a letter from the Dept. of Pensions, Ottawa, which stated I was to receive a Long Service Pension of \$245.42 per annum. Enclosed was a cheque for \$2533.07 covering the time since my discharge in September 1918 until December 1928.

This was a pleasant surprise to me, and very welcome. Mrs. Morgan and I wish to thank you and your Staff for the kindly and active interest you have shown in obtaining this pension for me.

I have the honour to remain,  
 Sir,

Your obedient Servant,  
 (Signed) PERCIVAL MORGAN  
 Ex-R.Q.M. Sergt. R. C.D.

We are all pleased to learn our Old Comrade has received his pension and we wish to add our congratulations.

1456 Winchester Ave.  
 Lakewood, Ohio,  
 U.S.A.  
 Feb. 4th, 1929.

Capt. G. F. Berteau, R.C.D.  
 Editor "THE GOAT"

Dear Sir,

I am hurt. In your January instalment of 'Soldiering' by Q. M.S. F. W. Powell, I am accused of being a teetotaler at LeMesge! Now that is absurd as my ancient troop sergeant "Hoppy" will testify because it was under his jurisdiction that I took my first rum ration inwardly about August 1915 in the front line on the Messines front. "Hoppy" will remember as his only chance to lick me at chess was when I was light headed! From that time on I ceased trading my rum ration for a green envelope or jam except on rare occasions when I particularly needed the former.

No, if the boys at Le Mesge sent me out into the cold damp world as rum carrier for the section, it must have been because of my honesty!

Thanking you for a public vin-

dication.

Yours very truly,

E. GEO. GREEN,

P.S.—They never at any time sent Freddy Powell for a whole section's rum.

Calgary, Alta.

Dear Sir:

The enclosed clipping will, I believe, be of interest to you and also the members of the "Old Guard" who soldiered in the early days with the late Major Page. Mr. Leblond, Major Steer, Major Medhurst and all who bore great patience with me in my "recruity days" were associated with our late comrade, I understand.

My very best wishes to all comrades in the R.C.D's and may every success attend you in the publication of The Goat.

Yours very sincerely,

H. R. HENRY,  
 R.S.M., L.S.H. (R.C.)  
 and late No. 522 L/Cpl. of the  
 R.C.D's.

## MAJOR J. C. PAGE PASSES AWAY.

Members of "The Old Guard" Will regret to learn of the death of one of their old comrades in the person of Major J. C. Page who passed away a short time ago in Calgary.

Up to the time of his death, Major Page was the undefeated swordsman of the North American continent, having won titles for his skill with the rapier, sabre, bayonet, sword and lance. From 1908 until 1910 he was drill instructor one of their old comrades in the for the Cavalry in the public schools and he also held a similar position with the Calgary police force for some time.

Major Page had soldiered for nearly 56 years. He enlisted when 16 years of age with the Tenth Hussars and served with this unit in Afghanistan and Egypt. About 40 years ago he came to Canada and enlisted with the Royal Canadian Dragoons with which he served in garrison at Quebec and Toronto. He was transferred to Winnipeg in 1896 and, at the outbreak of the South African war went overseas with that unit. When

hostilities ceased he returned to Winnipeg and went to the coronation of King Edward VII with the Canadian contingent. In 1905 retired from the regular army and came to Calgary where he at once became associated with the militia by joining the 15th Light Horse.

## With 31st Battalion

When the Great War broke out, he went overseas as quartermaster of the 31st Battalion with which he served for a year in France. At the end of this period he returned to duty in the War Office in London and later was assigned to transport duty. He received his discharge in 1919 and returned to Calgary.

In addition to being an outstanding expert with the sword, Major Page was an active member of the Alberta Rifle Association before the Great War and upon several occasions was a member of the team which represented this province at Ottawa. He was also a splendid horseman.

Major Page is survived by two sons, Charlie, one of the most prominent young officers of the Calgary garrison and associated with the First Calgary Regiment, and G. C. Page, of Lethbridge.

The funeral with military honours was conducted by Rev. Capt. Muncaster, and the firing party and trumpeters were supplied by the Lord Strathcona Horse. Pall-bearers from the 31st Battalion Association included W. West, C. Foin, F. Flemons and Les. Irwin.

The militia was represented by Brig.-Gen. D. Ormond, officer commanding Military District 13 and other members of the staff. Colonel J. Walker represented the Fifteenth Light Horse, of which Major Page was a former member. J. Fairley and A. Wakelyn represented the local branch, and the provincial command of the Canadian Legion respectively.

## ANNUAL DINNER

The Annual Dinner for past and present Officers of the Royal Canadian Dragoons will be held at Cavalry Barracks, St. Johns, Que., Saturday April 27th.

# A WILD NIGHT.

By

Major R. Nordheimer, M.C.

Note. Extract from The Chicago Tribune: In a recent report of the United Churches Temperance League the following statement was made: "The use of liquor as a beverage has the tendency to deaden, rather than stimulate the senses. The necessary stimulant for depression or jaded nerves, can be more easily and healthfully obtained by the use of candies or a visit to a good movie."

Returning from the city the other evening, I had occasion to glance at the paper and my attention became rivetted on the above paragraph. At last, thought I, a substitute has been found for that terrible and morally devastating beverage, so universally known as "OOCH." No more would I suffer the tortures of "the morning after" nor would my taste for food evaporate at breakfast. The God-fearing men and women had contributed to our moral and physical welfare in a manner calculated to

evoke blessings from all the liquor-trodden mortals whose craze for this sinful beverage had brought their social ruin and made of them the physical wrecks they now were.

Stopping at the neighborhood drug store, I purchased a natty box of assorted chocolates and prepared myself for the Great Experiment. Reaching my habitation, I at once repaired to my boudoir and sank exhaustedly into a chair. No sooner had I settled myself and began to unwrap my package of concentrated elixir, than a loud and boisterous voice, demanded entrance. Dragging my weary body from my chair, I went to the door and opened it. In the dim light I beheld the figure of my neighbor, Bill Smythe, and a gentle aroma of Juniper, wafted to my nostrils and told only too plainly the story of a misspent life. Hurriedly I grabbed him and slammed the door, before anyone else could see his de-

gradation. "What's the idea of the rough stuff?" Bill expostulated, "fraid someone will grab a drink before you get it all?" Paying no attention to this unwarranted remark, I quietly pushed him into a chair and stood frowning at his appearance. Slightly flushed face, rumpled hair, glassy eyes, how well I knew the marks of his shame and degradation. Poor Bill, still unconscious of the great discovery, but how delighted he would be when I told him of my new life.

Reaching for his hip, Bill produced a much worn flask, and offered it to me. "Have a drink," he said, "perhaps it will cheer you up." Waiving the flask aside, I, in turn, produced my box of chocolates, and offered him his choice. "Bill, I said, I have ceased drinking for good, and have accidentally discovered the secret of that perpetual pepa without it costing \$2.50 per pint. Read and learn, my friend, that science has found a way to end your dissipations and give thanks to he who brings this great message to you." A look of wonder came over my friend as he read the glowing news, and almost tenderly

he returned the flask to his pocket, while the other hand conveyed a chocolate to his mouth. "Gee," he said "if this is true, I can get my girl tight at 50 cents a pound, instead of \$8.00 a quart." Ignoring his selfish reasoning, I sat down beside him and talked steadily and, I hope, convincingly, of the terrible pitfall we had escaped, and was delighted to see Bill, paying the closest attention, and, at the same time partaking unsparingly of the delicious candies.

For almost an hour we thus conversed, and as the box grew smaller and smaller, our senses responded to the invigorating power of its contents. When dinner was announced, we neither of us felt any appetite for food, proving that indeed, candies had much the same material effect as liquor. As the time passed, Bill grew restless, and suddenly jumped up and said. "let's get a couple of janes and 'step out.'" While not particularly enamoured of this suggestion, the scientific experiment to be tried overcame my natural shyness, and I signified my intention to accompany him on his nocturnal ad-



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venture. Hurriedly dressing, we called up a couple of young ladies of his acquaintance, and were soon on our way, not before we had taken the precaution to replenish our supply of invigorating candies.

The cold drive made us somewhat drowsy, and we were forced to open one of the boxes en route and partake of the stimulating contents. Much refreshed, we arrived at our destination, and Bill, got out to call for his lady friend. While waiting. I took occasion to ask the taxi driver if he would like something stimulating, and receiving an affirmative reply, I offered him the candy. The look I received, was far from encouraging but I put it down to his lack of education and was just about to enlighten him on the splendid properties of chocolates, when a commotion on the steps of the apartment house which Bill had entered, drew my attention to that spot. I beheld my friend arguing with a dizzy blond, whose short skirts had necessitated her having her knees lifted, a most unpropitious sight. As they neared our taxi, I heard the young lady say "Candies, H-ll, what doya tink I am." The opening of the taxi door precluded further argument, and I was made acquainted with Miss Esther Swanson, who I took to be a young lady of Norse extraction. After a faint recognition of my greeting, she settled herself in the corner and gazed absent-ly out of the window.

A little farther on we stopped at another apartment house, on the steps of which, a young lady was standing. From her profile, I had the impression that her forefathers were of the Children of Israel, but her name turned out to be Dorothy Cowan, so I must have been wrong. Miss Cowan, had no sooner settled herself on my lap, than she demanded refreshment and I was glad that our foresight in purchasing the additional nourishment had eliminated any shortcomings in that direction. Somehow or other, Miss Cowan, like Miss Swanson, did not seem to be over-enthusiastic at our lack of the more sordid intoxicants. However we had reached downtown Chicago by this time, and disembarked at the Chicago Theatre. Fortunately we were assured by the polite doorman, that "seats could be had in the balcony" and we were able to find four together in the 21st row, from where the stage was dimly dis-

cernable. I forget what the picture was, as my attention was diverted by a continuance of the argument between Bill and Miss Swanson. I decided to concentrate on the silver screen, and was immediately rewarded by a slight headache. A feeling of lassitude overcame me, and I was glad when a nudge from my partner recalled me to my senses. "Let's get out of here," she said. "The picture's fierce." Receiving an affirmative nod from Bill, we tumbled over outstretched legs, and after brushing several coats on the floor from adjacent seats, we wended our way into the open air. Much to my disgust, I noted that Bill had left the remaining box of candy in the theatre. Across the way was the State-Lake Theatre, and after much argumentation, we adjourned thither, not forgetting to purchase another box of candies at a nearby store. This time, the girls sat together and I could hear a whispered conversation in progress between them. Bill partook of three large chocolates but with difficulty, and I could see that he was in much the same condition as he was when he had first entered my room. I knew, however that he had not brought the flask, and therefore the effect had been unquestionably produced by the very means advocated by the United Churches Temperance League.

The second picture was worse than the first and my headache increased. In vain I beseeched my companions to stimulate themselves with candy. Bill said he was full, and the girls did not even condescend to reply. Finally we left and our lady friends excused themselves in the rotunda, saying they had to powder their noses. Somehow or other they must have passed out, as we never saw them again, and we wended our way homewards alone. No remarks were passed as we adjourned to our respective rooms, but I had a feeling that the evening had not been a success. When I woke up the next morning, I had a splitting headache, and felt sick at my stomach. A little while later on the feeling became a certainty and I had no breakfast. I could not but agree with our Christian brethren, that the effect of too much candy and too many movies had much the same after effect as alcoholic beverages, but for my part, I still think the effect of the latter is

more delightful and in future, me for a degenerate existence on "OOCH."

Knows the Worst.

"Dearest, I must marry you."

"But have you seen my father?"

"Yes, many times, but I love yo' just the same."

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## In the Spotlight.

Toronto.

A very gentle reader wishes to know the birthday of Sunny Boy, as he wishes to send him a box of tin soldiers as a birthday present. While we heartily laud this very generous thought, we would inform the V.G.R. that as long as there are real soldiers, (and there are some) in Stanley Barracks, Sunny boy will continue to play with these.

• • •

Roy Hider started a new fashion for Escort Dress, when he turned out with a cigarette at the slope under the right ear.

• • •

For Sale:—A large number of alleged Bedford Cord breeches, slightly baggy at the knees—Madame May please copy.

• • •

We envy the Troop which boasts the presence of Old Man Sunshine and Sunny Boy, for their obvious musical talent.

• • •

Roy Hider, referring to a remark in our last issue, sends us the in-

formation that there is really a bird called the Eider ('ider) Bird, but he forgot to add that the eider bird, is a very queer looking bird, which makes a hoarse noise, and lives on all kinds of garbage and is also in the habit of stealing other birds eggs. Perhaps when Roy reads this, he will be wishing he had not sent in the information.

• • •

With all due honor and praise to our Culinary Experts, we would venture to suggest that porridge and beans do not make a very palatable breakfast, particularly so when the beans are raw. Perhaps their idea was to offer a prize for the one who found the most beans, providing the beans were returned.

• • •

We extend our hearty congratulations to L/Cpls. Munro and Searle, on passing their P.T. course at Kingston last year. It took them ten weeks to do it, and it takes the Powers that Be six months to find out what they've done.

• • •

The Assistant Quarter Master Sergeant and sometimes Acting Quarter Master Sergeant predicts a bumper year in the Stores, to judge by the amount of

clothing received. All that remains is for enough men to be found to wear it, and confidentially leave it to Bill.———No, he has not bought a car yet.

• • •

Our Acting S.M. remarked that one could eat a meal off the floor of one of our Barracks Rooms a week or so ago. We prefer to translate this to mean that any breakfast or dinner or supper, would be in no wise made worse by being eaten off any floor, except perhaps the cellar.

• • •

A certain member of 'B' Sqn. personnel who when out walking stopped every few minutes to watch a 'puff-puff' go by, certainly illustrates some of the childlike and innocent minds we have in this Sqn.

• • •

We think that the trooper who got up at night and commenced to walk back to Calgary, must have come from there on the C.P.R. and wanted to get back a quicker way.

• • •

First Troop have won the Hockey Cup again this year winning all of their games. While Third Troop

gain some satisfaction out of winning the Proficiency Cup, we would point out that as regards the hockey cup, the other 2 troops get a chance to win, it, which is more than can be said about the Proficiency Cup.

• • •

The rumour that Roy came across with half a dollar which he has owed Tiny for two years, caused hope to spring in the hearts of many of our more generous hearted comrades. However, while we do not want to dash any hopes to the ground, we feel it is our duty to point out that Roy's conscience does not smite him either hard or often.

• • •

Have you heard this one:—Sam Salt is in his troop stables. There is much noise in his troop stables.———Sam Salt is out of his troop stables———There is perfect silence in his troop stables.

• • •

No—Nick, one does not teach saluting with the left hand.

• • •

We hear with some slight misgivings of the men who found the Streets of London paved with

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Gold, but we are forced to believe the story of the man in "B" Squadron who loaned out his B.W. to a fellow with more money than brains, for the rental of \$1.00 per night.—What a PRICE.

A rumour is rampant that a certain N.C.O. performing the duties of Court Orderly, gave the command "ENGAGE" instead of Carry Swords when the charge was being read. He must be a bit of a Bolshevik.

We wish to announce to those sceptical ones that Tiny did not get a Valentine. Shooey nearly did—he got a circular from a well-known firm of Motor Cycle Manufacturers.

A loud noise is being raised by certain of our N.C.O.'s upon their having to move from one room to another. While we personally hate the thought of moving, we fail to see any reason for a married man having two homes.—Some people are never satisfied.

The trip to St Johns was a great success from our point of view, but we cannot help but feel that were it not for the shortage of ready money, there would have been quite a few absentees on the Monday following.

The new Canteen Wallah says he already has his eye on a couple of choice city blocks. We think that unless he behaves himself he will be without one himself. Those delightful invitations with which he is so generous might be accepted by some hard-hearted guy one of these days.

"BULLER"

## This and That.

The "Little Titch" of music hall fame was noted for his big feet. We have in "B" Squadron a rival for that distinction in "Tiny Campbell."

The second troop hockey team has been well supported by the senior ranks of that troop. So intense was the rooting by "Sam Salt" and "Windy" during the last game that "Sam" has had a sore throat ever since, and, the

other noted person, is suffering from abdominal pains. Of course these complaints excused them from attending future games.

All those interested in jumping will be pleased to hear of the new jump invented by "Sis". His jump consists of a take-off pole in front, and another on the landing side. It was demonstrated one morning in the riding school by "Sis" himself for the benefit of S.M.I. Aisthorpe, and judging by the S.Ms. remarks at the time, it did not meet with his approval.

Siggo was very disappointed over the opening of parliament in that the escort did not go to the 'Government House' this year, as he had made all arrangements for the 'Buckshee.'

It is rumoured that "Tiny" has opened a banking account with fifty cents obtained by extortion from a comrade. That poor old fellow Shylock was a prince compared to him.

How is the "activity ride" getting along these days Mr. Churchward? Are they still "Naughty Naughty"?

Hughie Wilson, and his jackboots and gloves, are conspicuous by their absence. What happened to them Hughie? Worn out?

Owing to an oversight on the part of "Buller" in last month's issue of the "GOAT" a few names were overlooked in the "New Year Resolutions List." We hope this has been rectified in this issue as "Sam Salt" was terribly peeved at not seeing his name in the list. It affected him so much, that for two whole days, quietness reigned supreme at stables, where generally there is always a lot of shouting (from the time we go in until we get out) on the part of 'Sam Salt' otherwise known as the "County Constable."

The "Battle Ship" is expected to leave us in the middle of March, and all ranks are keeping the date of exodus in mind, as they are looking forward to possibly being able to get some of their own kit back.

"Us Instructor" feel our position greatly in the Q.M. Stores these days. Wonder how it feels lecturing and drilling clothing

# Soldiering.

(Continued)

By F. W. Powell.

He is very stern and unsmiling and visibly annoyed at being obliged to inspect this collection of non-descripts as they ride at the salute. Our turn-out displeases him so much that the whole regiment is punished. For a month must we turn out in full marching order so that we may learn the proper way in which to appear before a brass hat.

Yes, my friends. Them's my sentiments. But we still have a navy so there's hope yet.

## Woignarue.

We travelled pretty fast and at 8 in the evening reached Woignarue, our destination. This was like returning home, for Tully Bourseville, etc., are just a kilometre or so away. The billeting party had done half decently which is a quarter more than one expects from such people, and my troop found itself in a loft over the house of Madame Peequery whose husband was away at the war. Madame was a nice, husky chunk of a woman with heart of gold; carrying on cheerfully with the work of the farm as only those peasants of France knew how. As a class they were splendid. Hats off to 'em. Thanks.

Our troop was at this time in charge of one Freddy Cox, the man

and equipment? Hoy about it Bill? Please don't ever let the thought of leaving us enter into your head (if it is possible for anything to enter) for if you left, where would the R.C.Ds. be then. To quote your own words Bill you are 'Gods gift to the Canadian Army.' I would offer an amendment to that and say "delete word before 'gift' and substitute 'The Devil's.'"

Are you Scotch Bill? You remind me of the Scotchman who, wanting to have a brick- cellar built put an ad in the newspaper for a "Freemason." "Oh would some power the giftie give you to see yourself as we all see you."

ACE OF SPADES.

with the extensive vocabulary of phrases generally omitted in all good books to which is attached a moral. He, (Freddy) occupied a room in the house itself together with Sgt. Martin and Trumpeter Green. Should this same Freddy fail to treat me well next Saturday I'll be obliged to shed some light on the domestic troubles of Mme. Peequery.

This billet of ours was not bad. Cold and bare but streets ahead of what was left behind at LeMesge. Horses were scattered throughout the village. All under cover. Wherever possible one section's horses were placed in the same stable. This arrangement nicely suited the picquet. To dodge the Orderly Officer who generally (provided there was no party on at his mess) perambulated the village at the same hour, was simplicity itself.

Once we were settled in our new home the same old tripe came to the fore. An endless round of inspections, schemes, and exercise rides made things not quite as good. But, blessed "but", Woignarue gave excellent compensation. Often would we ride down to the sands. After drilling we'd strip and ride the blinkin' horses into the bloom-in' ocean. This was as enjoyable to the female population as to ourselves. On one of these occasions Ikie Cohen was given the "quiet horse" asked for and enjoyed a hell of a trip in consequence. Why is it .. what kink is there in our make-up that makes us always offer the roughest when the quietest is requested?

Gambling held sway in the estaminets. Lacking sufficient strength of mind to resist I found myself ever in a state of insolvency, a condition for which I have no need to blush for did not the bold Newky often find himself in just the same boat? Only difference was that he could raise the wind in quarters to which I had no access.

The women of this neck of the woods were most sympathetic and did all within their power to relieve the void left in our hearts by





## "The Roarin' Game!"

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the absence of those of our own country. There lived up the hill just above us a lady of a delightfully easy virtue who camouflaged herself as a washer of soiled linen. Thanks to her whole-hearted liberality many tired soldiers were enabled at last to rest for a few months in hospital. One would naturally expect some show of gratitude for this service but I have yet to hear one of these lucky fellows speak favourably of this attractive little woman who lived alone with her little son in her little house upon the hill.

Then there were the geese! We soon grew accustomed to the sight of a frowsy wench driving each morning three fine fat geese down to the village cess-pool. One lucky day we observed with the deepest sorrow that only two were led down to their watery home. Later came the day when but one fine fat goose waddled down to the water and from that day to this the ultimate fate of the other two is wrapped in mystery. Suspicion fell naturally on the soldiers. One enterprising he had fallen on the right track when feathers which may once have graced the breast of the luckless geese were discovered in a rather compromising position. But feathers no more make a goose than does a zealous sergeant a detective and the mystery of the missing geese remains yet to be solved. Alas, poor geese.

Which reminds me of another case of misunderstanding which is to be regretted. With every good intention in the world we would all supplement the somewhat scanty ration of forage issued with that stored away in the barns of the farmers. This annoyed them slightly. They quite failed to see the thing from our point of view. This devotion to our horses was touching in the extreme. If a Government wants to win the war it should see that its horses received some of the rich clover hay that lay there in the barns. Because it did not see, we did, and our action is highly commendable. But the people of the village in their wrath vowed vengeance on any caught in this errand of mercy. Madame Pecquery had the surprise of her life that dark night when we met on that ladder. She was going up for what she could not believe I was bringing down to her. She refused my kindly overtures and accused me of stealing the two bun-

dles of hay which I paid for on the spot. Half a franc I think. Now say I was not kind to my horse.

#### Uzto Us A Child is Born.

This is quite pathetic. For days we had noticed Mme. Pecquery going about with anxiety on her once cheerful face. The cause we learned, was that that fine old black-and-white cow of hers was playing nature a dirty trick by postponing the day on which to present to the world a fine baby calf. All night would they sit up in expectation of the happy event. Days passed and the calf came no nearer. Madame cried and tore her hair for it seemed that she was to lose this fine black-and-white cow. The whole village mourned with her. Grief turned to joy however and the loud outbursts brought us down from the billet to lend what assistance we could. These people! They are a scream. The whole village had turned out for the event. With ropes attached to the leg of the new-comer they rendered nature every aid known and one wondered if French cows are specially built for this rough treatment. Greater interest could not have been shown in the birth of an heir to the throne. That the little wretch survived this rough usage is marvellous. Survive it did and bawled vigorously as it was borne away to the stall prepared in anticipation of it's coming. In France it seems that cows never know their own mothers. To all intents and purposes they are made orphans at birth and they spend the first few days in bawling for what they can never hope to receive. Strangely enough, should mother and child meet by accident, relationship is neither requested nor given. Should the calf forget itself sufficiently to demand its rights, the mother would actively resent such presumption and proceed at once to knock such silly ideas out of the head of the calf.

Strange people. Strange cows that are just as big and strong as those of other countries which recognize the close relationship between mother and daughter.

(To be Continued)

#### Returning the Ring.

"No noose is good news," says the pardoned murdered.

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#### "A HAPPY BREED OF MEN."

The following from Siegfried Sassoon's Memorial to "A Happy Breed of Men" entitled "Memoirs of a Fox-Hunting Man," and published in New York by Coward-McCann, is an account of his first point-to-point race as a gentleman jockey:

We were now more than three parts of the way round, and there was a sharp turn, left-handed where we entered on the last half-mile of the course. I lost several lengths here by taking a wide sweep round the white flag. At the next fence the soldier (another contestant) went head over heels. He and his horse were still rolling about on the ground when I

landed well clear of them. Getting on to better ground, I remembered Mr. Gaffikin's advice, and let my horse go after the man ahead.

We were side by side: approaching the fourth fence he hit his horse and went ahead; this caused Cockbird (Sassoon's mount) to quicken his pace and make his first mistake in the race by going too fast at the fence. He hit it hard, and pecked badly. I was nearly "unstuck," but not quite. For after my arrival at Cockbird's ears his recovery tipped me back again and he cantered on across the next field with me clinging round his neck. My fate depended on whether I could get into the saddle before we arrived at the next fence. This I just succeeded in doing, and we got over somehow, to win by ten lengths.

## You Know What I Mean.

Friend Bush asked Desfosses the other day what made a man a Gentile. When the major told him he was one, he said "I am like h-l, I'm a Canadian."

Now that Bill has removed the saw-dust from the canteen there's really no incentive to throwing our lighted cigarette butts on the floor.

Our friend Woodenhead is spending a few weeks doing social service work.

Cap Wood recently returned from P.E.I. say the people up there are pretty foxy.

Our popular prestidigitator is brushing up on some of his old tricks before a mirror these nights and it is rumoured that he has a new match and string trick up his sleeve which he hopes to have perfected in time to spring at the next concert.

Third Troop is well provided with musical instruments. Upstairs they have a phonograph and downstairs they have White.

Tpr. O'Malley who has recently contributed very generously to the Men's Library Fund, says he should get special mention in THE GOAT. He'll have to do something more exciting than that to make this column.

Bill King, the general manager of the parliament buildings, Ottawa, says he looked forward to the day when the profits from THE GOAT will run the Canadian Army. It won't be long now!

Keep your eyes on Third Troop FOOTBALL Team this year.

The other night the boys who occupy the corner table looked as if they had just returned from a beauty parlor (where they had had their faces lifted) when it was announced that there would be another free barrel.

Fame is only relative. Can you imagine the Drags being as well-known as they are if it were not

for the occasional mention they get in 'THE GOAT'?

A new material called zipadiph-aloxzy is being used for padding boxing gloves. Bill must have been mixing it in the beer at the last smoker.

The small attendance at the hockey games recently is becoming quite noticeable. Cpl. Desnoyers, claims the boys would rather pound the lug.'

Another budding romance is reported between our friend 'Hank' and a certain popular young society lady in Montreal. Hank spent several days in the big burg taking the necessary steps. No, Charlie stayed at home.

"Sonny Boy, you're all I have in this world. Let them all forsake me, even though they all go on the tack, even though I got my ticket, say you'll never forsake me. (But don't try any monkey business!)"

Quite a lot of interest was taken in the recent Phat Tournament none however by the writer.

Third Troop has decided not to take the Garrison Hockey Cup this year and have decided to play Mundell on the team as an act of good faith

Big-hearted Dougherty has given us another example of his generosity. He says when he dies he will present his brain to the scientific world for experimental purposes. Every little bit helps.

60 cents a month—especially designed to meet your needs—service do not need to sell insurance—accidents—wreck—nice cheque \$1000—wife—sweetheart—You boys!—intelligent men!—no inconvenience the paymaster, etc., etc.

Strictly speaking the R.C.A. have no Regimental Magazine, still we wish to remind our friends in Kingston and other stations that when they read THE GOAT they are reading practically an all-artillery magazine, the asst. editor having at one time been a gunner. (Subscription blanks enclosed.)

During one of our spare moments had a talk with one of the R.C.R's who came up to pay his

Tel. No. 3.

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subscription and when we tried to spring some big words on him he said we couldn't faze him as he slept next to Pte. Rowlands.

Capt. Wood who hails from here tried hard the other day to get us to put some smutty jokes in our magazine. Nuthin doing Cap, our orders is to keep this here magazine clean, although personally I thought they were darn good.

Bob Harris our hustling canteen accountant has taken over the job of Secretary of the Legion in town. Evidently our threat to write an article on "system" has had some effect.

We wish to warn those readers whose subscriptions have expired that if they do not renew shortly their names will be crossed off our list within a certain time. They will then have to depend on our unreliable and foolish contemporaries in order to find out what's been going on in the military world during the past year.

### THE BOOK OF DEBOUT

#### Chapter III

Although the Men of The Rydes were by nature Warriors, in their lax moments they were wont to indulge in Games among them being a form of Mortal Combat known as Hockey. This Hockey is verily a Game of much skill, teams of six picked men of stout heart and stern calibre competing against each other, moving with lightning like rapidity on blades of fine steel, on a smooth surface known as Ice.

It so happened that six picked men of a Troupe of the Rydes, known to other Troupes as No. 1 were pitted against the stalwarts of the Foot, on this account known as Gravel-Crushers, and a right merry battle ensued. The object of the Game was to place a rubber like disc into a receptacle known as Net, which counted one Blow.

Among the Men of the Troupe was one named Mun the Red and it was he who struck the first blow for the Troupe, and the Scorer one Hyd counted one. This blow so stung the Men of The Foot, that they in turn struck a blow, through one Godo, for the Men of the Foot had many strange names. After this exchange of blows, a

Siesta was called, and the Combatants buckled afresh their Armour, and refreshed themselves, by smoking a herb that was then coming into the fashion, the Tobacco. Three short minutes and the battle was on afresh. The Captain of the Troupe, one Art., whose skill at the Hockey in truth bespoke his name, together with one Fani, did launch an offensive against the Men of The Foot which for the nonce had them without defence. Striking blow after blow to the count of three, they did bring delight to their many supporters, and did also make the battle look very pleasant to them. Another Siesta was then called to enable the now defeated ones to repair their hurts, and the Men of the Troupe held a conference.

Yet again the Teams are led into Battle, having wiped all traces of the previous conflicts from them, and this time the Men of the Troupe struck blows almost at will. Right verily did they ply their staffs of Balsam and Maple, and quickly put the Men of the Foot to Rout never resting till the count of ten had been reached. The Men of the Foot were able to make their count two, when one Dono struck a blow, at a time when the Men of the Rydes were resting from their labours.

The Men of the Troupe were far superior in skill and dexterity to their more lowly opponents, and were masters of the combat after the first few minutes, passing the

rubber like disc from man to man as they sped down the ice, and placing themselves in positions most suitable for striking the blow that counted. Art., who struck no fewer than six blows being the best of the combatants, followed by Fani who struck 3, and by Mun the Red, who struck the first blow which is very often the deciding one.

An incident which caused loud guffaws among the spectators occurred, when one, whose name bespoke a large Rabbit, entrusted with the duties of Peacemaker, which is a duty fraught with much danger, arrived on the Field of Battle, to find one named Hutch already performing the duties allotted to him.

I, Debout, in conclusion, do say unto you my Fellow Warriors, that to labor continually and to omit participating in such games as Hockey is verily the cause of many cases of stigma among the Men of The Rydes.

DEBOUT.

Old Comrades Association  
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# "And You May Lay to That," Or Sam Salt's Narrow Escape From Death.

(By L/Cpl. J. B. Harrison)

Clad in rough sailor's garb Sam Salt presented a formidable and terrible figure. Broad in the beam, with great depth fore, he was built on the lines of a Man-O-War of the eighteenth century. Yet for all his uncouth appearance, in his interior there was a heart, which when touched, changed his whole demeanour.

On this particular night, he lay in his bunk, wrestling with his conscience, for he had omitted to send home the rent, and his heart was torn with mixed emotions. Of a sudden he was rudely awakened by a voice on the speaking tube. "Ahoy there Cap." It was Joe, his cabin boy, who was doing his watch. "Belay they, what yer want" roared the Captain. "Dirty weather ahead," came the reply, "Yer better but on your sea boots and come up on deck."

Sam Salt sat down and cursed roundly for ten straight minutes. O' course the ruddy storm had to come when he wanted to check over his poker hands, curses on the luck. However, when he was quite out of breath, he donned his oil-skins and sea boots, and climbed up the hatchway. A strong wind nearly blew him down again, "Belay there," he roared, "where the bloomin' ell is that half-breed Roy, blast his hide." He proceeded to the cook's bunk, and there found Roy, fast asleep (as usual) "Get up out o' that roared Sam, "On deck yer spawn o' the devil, or I'll gie yer a taste of the rope's end. And you may lay to that." Roy stirred and muttering "Whatssat, Reveille?" and fell asleep again. Sam Salt went on deck, took a stiff shot of grog, several deep breaths, and returned to the cook's bunk. "???" he roared, and proceeded to kick Roy up the hatchway and Roy now thoroughly awake, ran for his life muttering as he ran "I'll pisen yer one o' these days, yer pct-bellied son o' Satan."

The storm was now at its worst. Great waves swept the deck, every shred of canvas had been torn to shreds. "Avast there yer lubbers" roared Sam Salt. "Batten down the

hatches, make everything fast, move yer imps o' the devil, or by God I'll shoot yer where yer stand, and you may lay to that."

Meanwhile, in the light-house at Stanley Point, old Mac the Light-house keeper was playing poker with his grandfather Charlie. He looked up as the rain beat on the windows and muttered "Looks like a bad 'un Grandpa." Charlie looked up from his hand—he had just been wondering whether four aces was worth betting a ha-penny on. "I don't care what your hand is like, we play it just the same" he replies. Mac smiled, he always humoured his old grandfather when his mind wandered, as is sometimes the case with old people. He turned to his son Tommy. "Win' up Old Siggo" he said. Siggo was the fog-horn, and soon his sonorous voice could be heard warning the ships of the sharp rocks which abounded near Stanley Point. Tommy, who was not quite as old as his father, was a good boy, and always did what he was told so he went and wound up old Siggo, to make sure that the old and faithful fog-horn would keep going all night.

Sam Salt was cursing, though for that matter, he was always cursing, but just now he was cursing in Yiddish which was a sign that he was somewhat mad. Surely he must not be blamed or judged too harshly, for his beloved 'Patsy' was doomed; the water was pouring in faster than they could pump it out, and he knew that the end was not far distant. He knew too, that when his ship went down, it also meant the end for him. He moaned softly, as he thought of his rather lurid past. True he had not a wife in every port, but then he had not been in every port.

A sickening crash that hurled him from the bridge, and the ship settled. Shouting to the crew, "every man for himself," he rushed below. There was a better way. He possessed himself of his revolver, making sure that it was loaded and rushed up on deck again. He had heard a lot about the horrors of drowning but this

was not for him. The crew had all jumped overboard, except Roy the half-breed who preferred drowning in a ship to drowning out of one.

Sam Salt faced the bridge which he had paced for eighteen long years. His Patsy had served him well, and he would be sorry to lose her. At least he had the satisfaction of knowing that he was with her to the last. The water was rising fast now as he stood with his hand on the rail.

As soon as the water reached his feet then. . . . he shuddered as he thought of it. He looked at his revolver to make sure that there were two shells in it in case he missed the first time, and struck with the thought that the water had stopped rising, placed the revolver to his head and—fell asleep.

When he awoke it was dawn. He rose and looked out on a wonderful view. Broad meadows stretched as far as the eye could see. Trees were in abundance, a few contented (we suppose so) cows were chewing the last of their breakfast, while a couple of horses were quietly discussing whether biting hurt more than kicking when inflicted on some poor soldier.

Sam Salt tugged at his bushy eyebrows, (he had no beard). Suddenly light dawned upon him. 'By Crackie' he said, "I'll be gosh darned if the old tub ha-n't run aground, and me thinking we were on the rocks; as sure as me name's Sam Salt, I'm a birm guesser, and you may lay to that."

Author's note:—The names mentioned in the above do not necessarily mean any actual persons, but the reader is entitled to draw his own conclusions.

## Taking a Dare

Solicitor—"Would you indorse our cigaret for two thousand dollars?"

Celebrity—"For two thousand dollars I'd smoke the darn things."

## SCHOOL "HOWLERS."

The chief work of the British in Egypt since 1880 has been the extermination of the sphinxes.

Sir W. Scott was called the Blizzard of the North. He tried to reach the North Pole but died in the attempt.

Parliament assembled in November and dissembled in December.

Correct the sentence: "It was me that has broken the window."—"It wasn't me that has broken the window."

Notre voisin est mort d'une congestion pulmonaire.—Our neighbor died of a crush in a Pullman car.

To collect the fumes of sulphur hold a deacon over the end of the tube.

What do you understand by the Theory of Exchange?—The Theory of Exchange, as I understand it, is not very well understood.

University Correspondent in the Times (London) Weekly Edition.

## ERRATA

In Mr. T. D. Masey's article, Jan. issue, on Colours, etc., an error was made in the paragraph re Colours. "The King's Colour" having badges and honour scroll, should have read "The Regimental Colour," etc.

Mr. Masey also wishes to add that there are three Regiments, outside the Household Cavalry and Brigade of Guards, that possess a third Colour, viz: The 5th Northumberland Fusiliers, carried in the band by a drummer, on St. George's Day (Rose Day,) the only time it is seen on parade, and the H.L.I. and Seaforth Highlanders in commemoration of the Battle of Assaye. He states that Guidons ceased to be carried by Hussars and Lancers during the reign of William IV, and that Standards and Guidons have been carried on parade by the senior N.C.O. since 1823.

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# Reminiscences of Service with the Royal Canadian Dragoons.

By Major R. B. Nordheimer, M.C.

## INTRODUCTION.

Before commencing the hazardous task of putting down on paper my recollections of incidents connected with my service in the Royal Canadian Dragoons, it might be well to explain why I have the audacity to imagine that personal reminiscences would be of interest to anyone.

First of all, the period covered in these musings, is one during which hundreds of "Old Comrades" shared the vicissitudes of "Peace Time Soldiering," and "Active Service." The evident interest displayed by them in "Soldiering," in which Mr. Powell so adequately portrays the trials and tribulations of the man in the ranks, has emboldened me to set down in my own poor way, the experiences and views of one who had the honour to serve as an Officer in Canada's senior cavalry regiment.

Secondly, if the history of the Royal Canadian Dragoons in the Great War, comes to be written, as it undoubtedly should and will, it will most naturally deal with the technical and serious side of their participation in that

epoch-making struggle. In the ensuing memoirs, the technical and serious side will be conspicuous for its absence, yielding its place to phases of a life in which humour played an important part in breaking the monotony. Many of the incident which I hope to set down, will be recalled in the memories of many of my readers, and if they help to blot out the present and, for a moment, enable them to shed the intervening years and live again in the good old days "across the herring pond," perhaps they will condone rather than condemn, my somewhat egotistical attempt to "hold the stage."

Lastly, it should be borne in mind that if anything contained in the following narrative, offends the susceptibilities of any of its readers, the fault lies entirely with the writer, who makes no attempt to create an historical romance, but merely attempts to bring back once more the atmosphere of "Old Comradeship," by reaching into the rapidly dimming past, and ruthlessly dragging into the spotlight incidents which some of my readers may think had best remained hidden.

## Chapter One.

My first active connection with the Royal Canadian Dragoons, was in January, 1911, when I attended the Royal School of Cavalry at Stanley Barracks, Toronto. At the time I took my first Cavalry Course, I was a Subaltern in the 10th Royal Grenadiers having just qualified as such at the Royal School of Infantry held at Stanley Barracks from September 10th to December 3rd 1910.

I had always been very fond of horses, and partly on this account and partly on account of the congenial surroundings in which I found myself during my previous visit to the Barracks, I applied to the "Powers that Be," for permission to receive tuition in "the higher art." What good old days those were: Stanley Barracks was under the able administration of Lt.-Col. V A. Williams, Officer Commanding the Royal Canadian Dragoons, and Commandant the Royal School of Cavalry; the R.C.R. Company was under the command of Major Carpenter, whose moustache was a thing of beauty; Lt. J. H. MacBrien was Adjutant

R.S.C., and Captain J. Sutherland Brown: (Buster), was Adjutant R.S.I. Among those who comprised the remaining Officers of the Station were: Lt. Douglas Bowie, R.C.D., Lt. F. Gilman, R.C.D., Capt. McMillan, R.C.D., Lt. A. V. S. Nordheimer, R.C.D., Henderson of the A.S.C., Morrison of the R.C.E. and "Georgie" Perrin, R.C.E. Good souls and delightful companions on occasions, who made life alternately livable or miserable for "the attached," according to what had happened the night before.

My Infantry Course at Stanley Barracks was not without its humorous incidents. Take a number of variegated personalities from the city, town and village, shake them well together in a few cramped sleeping quarters, add one or two 'spicey' parties, a sloppy but comical Sergeant-Major Instructor, a serious minded Adjutant, a very important Commandant R.S.I; mix the whole into a homogeneous mass brought to a boiling point by hot sun, and you have the average refreshment provided by the "attached" for consumption by the P.F. Staff.

Before going to Stanley Barracks I heard plenty of wild tales of how the Permanent Force Officers treated the Officers attached for instruction from the Non-Permanent Militia. I never saw any justification for these yarns either while attending Permanent Force Stations as a Militia Officer, or later on while in the Permanent Force. If a candidate followed the recognized lines of behaviour and observed the same restraint in the Mess, that he would be expected to observe in a private house, he was treated as a fellow Officer. Those who broke all the laws of hospitality and etiquette, were as much disliked by their fellow candidates as by their instructors.

Many good evenings were spent in company with Instructors and candidates and so long as one could discriminate between the privileges enjoyed when "off parade" and the discipline enforced during school hours, good fellowship abounded. It used to be the delight of "Buster" Brown, to get some unfortunate candidate who had spent the night "not too wisely but too well," out in front of the class to give the intricate detail of some movement such as "Form Line of Sections to the Right," and if he slipped up on the detail, woe betide him.

"Georgie" Perrin, the R.C.E. Officer, was a constant supply of amusing and delightful anecdotes. On one occasion, some Officers returning from the theatre, found him asleep in a chair in the ante-room. Not wishing to disturb his slumbers, they quietly pushed the bell for the usual "night cap" and sat in silence. Just as the waiter arrived, a mouse ran out from under the sofa and disappeared under a radiator. "Georgie" woke up at the instant and seeing the amused grins on the faces of the spectators said "You thought I saw a mouse, but I didn't."

On another occasion, during a cricket match between the Barracks team and one from Grace Church Cricket Club, one of the latter players was hit by a badly bounding ball while batting and temporarily knocked out. Perrin, ever solicitous and the perfect host, rushed up to the moaning batsman, and leaning over, whispered "Awfully sorry, Old Chap, come in and have a drink."

"Bill" Lindsay, now Major-Gen. retired, was the hero of another

incident which is fresh in my memory. Two very junior officers were attending the Princess Theatre, where Anne Held was playing in the "Parisien Mode." Lindsay and one of the junior officers were taken with the charm and intelligence of one of the chorus and decided to try their luck after the show. It was the custom in "them good old days," to adjourn to the bar across the street from the theatre between the acts, and on this occasion Lindsay and his rival were profuse in "treating" each other. There were no taxis in those days, the old fashioned cab being the standard method of transportation. After the show, Lindsay corraled the only available vehicle and thus won the first skirmish. His rival however, through the judicious application of the lure of gold, managed to pass the doorman and gain entrance to the stage. Here he made the necessary arrangement with his "Lady Love" and stealthily they crept out. Much to their surprise and the delight of the junior culprit, they found that "Bill", a bit overcome by the generous portions of liquor consumed between acts, had fallen sound asleep, sitting on the shaft of the cab with his head resting peacefully on the end of the horse most easily reached by the whip.

Good old days those were, interesting work and more interesting escapades in the evening. The Stanley Barracks Mess was a treat, presided over by a Kingdom, the caterer, who was held in awe by even the most senior. London was Mess Sergeant, and was certainly "the prince of Waiters." Lawyers, Doctors and Priests, are supposed to be immune from divulging professional secrets, but I am strongly of the opinion that Mess Waiters should be added to the immunity list, in order to eliminate a constant menace to the peace and quiet of reformed benedict officers (if any.)

After completing my various courses at the Royal School of Cavalry, courses that had been particularly hard of one's breeches owing to the method in vogue at that time of carrying the Ross Rifle in a small shot bucket, so that the bolt rubbed the side of one's leg every time we rode "knee to knee," I was attached to the Regiment during summer training at Niagara-on-the-Lake. Here the senior Officer, R.C.B. finding himself se-

nior Officer Permanent Troops, had his tent moved out in advance of the common herd, assuming that the Commanding Officer's tent should be in relatively the same position in bivouac, as he himself would be on parade. The rest of the Camp was beguiled from time to time by musical renditions of "Cook-son," "Cook-son" (this being the C.O.'s batman,) "where is my shirt?" and other equally musical treats. Finally, the lone tent being constantly mistaken for that occupied by the guard, with disastrous effect on the sleep of the occupant, it was decreed that it be moved back to its original place, and all was well.

During camp, I received the information that my application to become a member of the Royal Canadian Dragoons had been turned down by the Adjutant-General, as there were no vacancies. I was told I could take the "Long Course" at Kingston and then be attached to the R.C.R. pending a transfer to the Cavalry Branch of the Service, but as this did not fit in with my plans, I sorrowfully said 'good-bye' to the "Drags," and returned to civilian life for the time being. Shortly afterwards, my cousin, the late Captain A. V. S. Nordheimer resigned his commission to enter business with his father, but like myself, rejoined three years later, at the outbreak of War.

#### Chapter Two.

August 4th 1914 saw the outbreak of War and shortly afterwards the call went forth to Canadian manhood. In June of this year, I had attended Niagara Camp as Orderly Officer to the late Maj. Gen. F. J. Lessard, who at that time was G.O.C. Military District 2. During camp, I renewed my happy relationship with the Royal Canadian Dragoons, little guessing that in a few months, I would be on Active Service with them.

An amusing incident occurred during this camp and which the General never openly referred to afterwards. As in most Rural Militia Camps, the various Guards were exceedingly diffident about giving the proper compliments to senior Officers. Day after day, when the General rode on his morning inspection of the various units, he was either ignored by the guard, or not given the proper turn out, and invariably the C.O. of the unit

received a sharp rebuke. On the morning in question, the daily "strafe" had evidently borne fruit, for unit after unit received the General in faultless style. Much pleased, General Lessard, on the way back to Headquarters, spoke of the improvement and lectured me on the advantage of perseverance. Nearing the Headquarters Compound, he spoke glowingly of the smart display of the Militia Guards, and assured me that even the R.C.R. Guard, on duty at the Compound, would not display any great superiority in smartness. As we approached the guard tent, the sentry started at us and remembering that he should do something halted and "presented arms." Then the fireworks started and soon everyone from the Company Commander to the Sergeant Major was receiving the compliments of the season.

I was fortunate enough to be included in the Active Service Co. formed by the 10th Royal Grenadiers, and after a few days at Long Branch spent in training and equipping we left for Valcartier Camp. On arrival there we were fused with the Queen's Own Regiment and Governor General's Body Guard, the whole forming the 3rd Battalion. Most of the day was spent at the Rifle Range and the march to and from that spot, soon become a nightmare. One day, I received a visit from Maj. Douglas Young and Major McMillan, of the R.C.D., who informed me that authority had been received to form a third squadron, and asking me if I would like to come to them. It was certainly a happy day for me, and while reluctant to leave my comrades in the Grenadiers, some of whom I never saw again, the opportunity to serve in a Cavalry Regiment, was too good to miss. When the necessary authority was given I transferred from the Grenadiers taking with me, John Harrison, the family chauffeur who had enlisted with me in Toronto.

(To be continued)

#### A Run for Her Money

Woman Shopper—"See here, young man, there's a ladder in these stockings."

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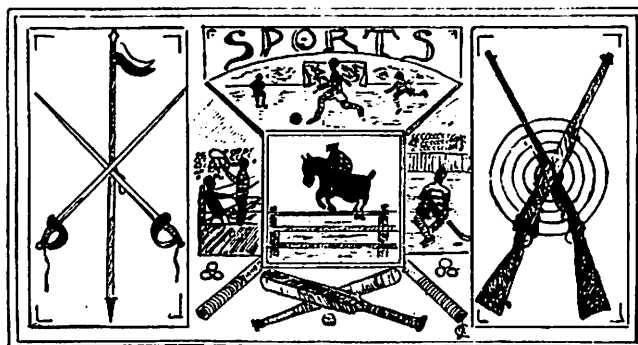
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## HOCKEY

Teams representing The United Services and Dominion Students played a good game of hockey on artificial ice at the Richmond Club, London, Eng., recently, 2000 people witnessing the game. London press comments indicate that the game would quickly "catch on" there if London sportsmen had the opportunity of seeing two first class Canadian teams playing.

United Services won by 6 to 2.

Of the two teams the best showing, according to press reports, was made by R. Cuthbert and Capt. J. Home, R.C.R., of the United Services Team and by C. Campbell and W. E. Speechley of the Dominion Students.

**United Services:** V. Gardner, R.F.A., H. A. Davis, R.E.; Capt. D. A. Harding, R.C.A.F.; R. Cuthbert, (Captain) R.F.A.; J. Grey, Glengary Highlanders; Capt. J. Home, Royal Canadian Regiment; W. H. Tait, R.A.F., and P. Fair, R.A.F.

**Dominion Student:** W. Speechley, St. John's, Cambridge Winnipeg; W. H. Brown, (Captain), St. Mary's Hospital, London, Regina; B. Davis, Maddalen, Oxford, Toronto; J. White, Keble, Oxford, Summerside, Prince Edward Island; C. Campbell, Lincoln, Oxford, Edmonton; R. Bush, Christ Church, Oxford, Toronto; H. P. Hope, Magdalen, Cambridge, Oshawa, Ontario; J. Magwood, London, Toronto.

Capt. "Duckie" Home, M.C., will be remembered by many in St. Johns for his prowess on the ice as a member of the Garrison Team when we did have a team. He was transferred a couple of years ago to 'B' Coy. Stanley Barracks, Toronto and is now on a two years' exchange of officers and attached to the Gloucester Regiment.

Capt. "Dave" Harding A.F.C., is well-known in this country as a football player having played for Queens and later captained Borden Camp Team in the Intermediate league. He has also made a great name for himself in the R.C.A.F. and it is assumed he is now on a course in England.

## GARRISON HOCKEY LEAGUE 1929, ST. JOHNS, QUE.

Although the 1st Troop have won every game played this season, the games were not altogether without interest. What the other three teams lacked in skill they made up with commendable enthusiasm and energy when opposed to almost certain defeat for they went on the ice each game with the intention of defeating 1st Troop's clever stick-handlers. This year the positions of 1st and 3rd Troops are just the reverse of what they were last year. One thing that can be said for 1st Troop is that they have not taken undue advantage of their superior skill by running up big scores against their weaker opponents (except in the first game or two) and we are glad to see them win the league this year.

As we go to press there is only one game to play, that is between 1st Troop and The R.C.R.'s. The latter team has lost only one game and should it beat the 1st Troop next time they meet it will mean a play-off.

The outstanding player this season is, undoubtedly our friend Carpenter. While not particularly fast, he is very clever with his stick and has a wicked shot. Cpl. Boucher plays very consistently. Capt. Hunter, Sgt. Blake and Tpr. Finnessey were the mainstay of 2nd Troop. Outstanding among the players of the R.C.R. were Cpl.

Lafond L/Cpls. Bond and Lewis and Pte. Belrose. For 2nd Troop, Cpl. Gilmore in goal. Pte. Wesley and Tprs. Carter, Berkins and Haines. Ross played very well again this year, in fact we think he improved. Finally keep your eyes on young Victor Jewkes. By next year he will have put on a little more weight and if we have a Garrison Team he should make it.

Following is line-up of the teams of the Garrison Hockey League:

### First Troop, R.C.D.

Lieut. Chadwick, Cpl. Boucher, Tprs. Carpenter, Ross and Boy Jewkes. Spares: Sgt. Lacerte, L/Cpl. Russell and Tpr. Hilda.

### 2nd Troop, R.C.D.

Cpl. Gilmore, L/Cpl. Dresser, Tprs. Haines Berkins, Carter, Pte. Wesley. Spares: Cpl. Desnoeers, Charlton, Norman and Woolcock.

### 3rd Troop, R.C.D.

Capt. Hunter, R.C.A.M.C., Sgt. Blake, L/Cpl. Mundell, Tprs. Finnessey, Fisseault, White. Spare: Tpr. Daugherty.

### 'D' Co'y. The R.C.R.

Cpl. Lafond, L/Cpls. Bond and Lewis, Ptes. Lafond, Gough and Belrose. Spares: Chapman and Rowlands.

### 'B' Squadron 5—St. Johns Garrison 4.

We don't know what arrangements were made regarding this game, but on Saturday afternoon, February ninth, they met in a friendly tussel, there being no trophy of any kind at stake. Unfortunately 'A' Squadron has no team this year so it was decided to select the best we have in Garrison which was as follows: Capt. Hunter, goal; Boucher and Lt. Chadwick defense; Carpenter, Ross forwards; Lafond, Belrose and Wesley, spares. 'B' Squadron team was composed of the following: Lieut. Gillespie; Cpls. Galloway and Parker, L/Cpl. Munro and Tprs. Stafford, Stewart, Calvert, Hutchings and Knights.

An hour before the game started there were four inches of snow on the rink. However the whole squadron turned out and in a short time cleared it off. There was a light fall of snow during the whole game and before a period had been under way but a few minutes the players found great difficulty in carrying

the puck. Hutchings and Galloway did all the scoring for 'B', the former banging our net 3 times and the latter twice.

Although there was nothing at stake both teams put up a spirited battle and strictly speaking the teams were well-matched. Gilmore, referee, handled the game well.

In the evening an impromptu smoker was held in the canteen in honour of our visitors. Little need be said of this except that the spirit of good-fellowship was most conspicuous, and that 'B' Squ. held up their end well considering the fact they were all "tack-wallahs."

(Toronto)

### 3rd Troop 5—2nd Troop 1

The Third Troop defeated the 2nd troop in an inter-troop hockey match, which is about as much as need be said about the actual game. However as we have to fill the Goat with something, we will think of something more to write. Messrs. Hutchings, Stafford, Lauder and Nickle were the best for the Third Troop, while Messrs. Ward, Knights and Douglass were in the limelight for the Second Troop. The game itself was not quite so one sided as the score indicates second Troop missing several good chances, and also being severely handicapped by the absence of their goal-tender, Mr. Gillespie.

However, the players by no means occupied the lime-light all the time, as there were several choice performances by the spectators and officials.

A hearty beat of the big drum for Duffy, who arriving late, cheered lustily in a slightly thick voice for the First Troop, who unfortunately for Mr. Duffy were not playing. Before the echo of the drum-beat dies away let us give a lusty blow on the bassoon for Battleship who played a sterling game on the defence for 2nd Troop until he took his stock off the ice and fell down. Then we would give a beat on the triangle for Fanny, one of the goal-umpires, who certainly did as much hand-waving as a person saying good-bye to some dear friend travelling C.P.R.

In the distribution of honours, we must not forget Sunny-Boy, who from the Royal Box, yelled "Come on Third Troop", as to almost make one think he was in the

Troop himself. A word of praise for Webby, the self styled Manager of the Third Troop, whose tactical manoeuvres resulted in his team having eight men on the ice at one time. It was certainly gratifying to notice the speed with which the spectators noticed this. Of course we must not overlook Harry Lauder who, although knocked down several times, stuck to his guns, muttering something about "It's the Insurance Companies who pay." The loud cries which were heard when Hider was lowered onto the ice, would have done credit to any professional player.

Altogether it was a good game to watch, although personally I was very disappointed that it did not end up something like a Grand National finish, only one or two finishing the course.

BULLER.

#### 1st Troop 2—3rd Troop 1

What was probably be one of the best games to be seen at Stanley Barracks for some time, was that between 1st Troop and 3rd Troops in a game for the Stanley Barracks Hockey Cup. While the game was closely contested, it must be admit-

ted that the First Troop won on their merits, and with the help of the elusive stick of Art Galloway. The finer points of the game were as follows:

Tpr. Stafford earned recognition when he drew the first penalty of the season, although he made up for this when he scored Third Troop's only goal in the third period. Art Galloway continued his goal scoring rampage, scoring both of the First Troop goals. The First Troop had a slight margin on the afternoon's game, and should have won by a more decisive margin. The game was well handled by Tpr. Douglass who officiated as referee.

#### The Teams.

Third Troop: Tpr. Lauder, goal. Cpl. Nickle and Tpr. Stafford, defence; Stuart, Hutchings and Martin, forwards; L/Cpls. Cowell and Searle, subs.

First Troop: Tpr. Hayes, goal; Tpr. Washington and Cpl. Galloway, defence; L/Cpl. Munro, Tpr. Calvert and L/Cpl. Parker, forwards.

#### 1st Troop 9—2nd Troop 3

1st Troop rose to the top of the

inter-troop league, when they defeated the 2nd Troop by the above score. The game was fast, 1st Troop having the best of the play throughout the entire game. 2nd Troop who were again without their sterling goal-tender Mr. Gillespie felt the loss keenly. For the 1st Troop Galloway, Munro H. and Parker, did most of the scoring, and Washington played a good game on the defence. The 2nd Troop were dangerous at times but could not penetrate the defence of the opposing team. 1st Troop have but to win one of their remaining games to be assured of a place in the play-offs.

#### The Teams

1st Troop: Hayes, goal; Washington and Hare, defence; Munro H. Galloway and Parker, forwards, Munro, R. sub.

2nd Troop: Lewis, goal; Hood, and Ward, defence. Anthony, Douglass and Knights forwards, Hider sub. Referee, Tpr. Hutchings.

#### 1st Troop 5—3rd Troop 3

#### 10 Minutes overtime

1st Troop retained the Hockey Cup enough in the pinches, missing Cup, when they defeated the 3rd

Troop in a game that went into overtime. It was the best game seen at Stanley Barracks for some time and it must be admitted that 1st Troop won on their merits.

The star of the afternoon was Galloway as usual, and it was in a large measure due to him that his troop won the cup without losing a game. The 3rd Troop tried hard, but were not quite good open goals a number of times. Messrs. Stafford and Calvert each drew a major penalty when they apparently mistook the rink for a boxing ring.

Munro H., with 2, and Galloway Parker, and Calvert with one each did the scoring for the 1st Troop and Hutchings and Stafford accounted for the 3rd Troop's goals. It was a good fast game, and well handled by Sgt. Bell, R.C.A.S. C.

#### The Teams

First Troop: Hayes, goal; Galloway and Washington, defence; Munro, H. Calvert and Parker forwards. Munro R., and Hare, subs.

Third Troop: Webb, goal; Nickle and Martin J.E. defence; Stafford, Hutchings and Stuart, forwards; Cowell, Searle, subs.

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